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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Machine Poetry,

On the demise of Forty-Five.

Blind Forty-five, I ran his race,
And finished the last stage—
Having lived but twelve months,
He died of good old age.

His board was always amply spread
In every era and clime;
But the more he ate, he thinner grew,
Though he always ate "on time."

He was a wayward character
As ever the world did know:
For he never would stop to rest his steeds,
But always ahead would go.

Nor was he known to check his course,
Or on the way turn back;
Though many a drone might raise his voice
And cry aloud for "huck."

But on he went, in full career,
Not vexed with thoughts and care,
As he very well knew that on his route
There never was lack of fare.

All liked to ride, few cared to pay
Their passage in—a breath;
Yet many a one, while on the route,
Received his check from Death.

Who always has "Contractor" been,
And taken charge of pelf,
That any man will never yield
Until he yields himself.

For each was willing to confess—
The tip, or bearded monk—
He would rather lose his clothes entire,
Than ever miss his trunk.

Yet, he who knew so well to flitch,
Unslung, would give relief;
And some who clients, long had wished,
Obtained at last, a brief.

Whose record was inscribed so plain,
Unlettered men could trace,
Though, 'gainst their wish, each gained his end,
Although he lost his case.

A few of those who fetter most
As others become free,
And when they take a feller's arm
Expect a flow of "te."

Received their pay in full amount,
For bills both small and large,
By making just one friendly call,
For which there was no charge.

A host of others squared accounts,
In spite of Legislature—
Whose broadest limitation acts
Never reached a debt of nature.

And scores of philosophic minds—
Who practiced abstract rights—
Obtained, at charge of government,
Days of *grate* light.

While some, whose genius was so vast
It never could find sleep,
Until its body owner found
His neck within a rope.

Have simply shown, beyond dispute
In this enlightened age,
True dramas never will decline
While lives the tragic stage.

Since Forty-Five commenced career
The world has seen much change,
Not only in the Space Bank,
But every other range.

Now, all those whigs, whose eyes were dim
While groping in their night,
Can clearly see by steady blaze
Of Lucifer's light.

That James K. Polk is President—
At least, *Officials* know
Who holds their hour-glass of stay
And tells them "time to go."

Texas, that lonely shooting "Star,"
Escaped from British grasp,
And turning back to Uncle Sam,
Has cheerful borne the "stripes."

The British Lion gnashed his teeth,
And growled, "It is a sin
Green Texas thus should make a trade
And be so taken in."

United State and English power
Have had disputes Pacific,
About a wild and barren tract
That yet may be prolific.

In fruitful crops of cannon balls,
And rows of glittering steel,
These things, that, words delight to brave,
Where authors have to feel.

For where two nations each have claims
Of "clear, unquestioned rights,"
The most impressive logic is
In bang, and bloody fights.

I mention, over on a wing,
That effort never tires,
Disdaining aid of tardy steam,
Employs electric fires;

And those, who wish intelligence,
Can have quick answer brought
By long extended trains of wires,
That bear a train of thought.

Once, people thought that billy paths
Led up to Science, fame;
But now discoveries have shown
Her temple's on a plain.

"Six easy lessons," 'tis well known,
Each science can impart,
And any dunce, in forty hours,
Be "Bachelor of arts."

All aspirants for legal fame,
Who wish to keep "a docket,"
Are never questioned as to lore,
But merely—depth of pocket.

No year, like Forty-Five, has seen
Such multitudes of wights,
Whose hardest study, is, to live
By violated rights.

The harvests have most fruitful been
In every kind of crops,
Yet every sort has good demand
Except the growth of fops.

They, like the Beaver, (whose rich garb
Has now become so rare),
Lose their intrinsic value, when
They lose their glossy hair.

Home manufactures still abound,
And we can well compete
With any people, in the yarn
Spun in the mills or street.

Cotton, that staple of the South
And wall of Jackson's fame,
Has risen up, two feet, or more,
And still remains the same.

It's sales, 'tis true, were rather dull,
That have of late been made;
Yet such great bustles ne'er were seen
From any branch of trade.

The printers, those great egotists,
Who obstinate will think
They shed a flood of mental light
Where'er they shed their ink.

Have given to the reading world
A multitude of books,
From those whose great ambition is
To shine as mental cooks.

In realms where scowling knights abound,
(Far off in the dark ages),
Who rescued all despairing dames,
By aid of Flax-haired pages,

Such works as these, it has been urged,
Have real facts for lovers,
While careful usage can preserve
These valid truths, their covers.

Memoristics can, when once well learned,
Teach people to remember
While volumes of historic lore
From April to December.

But, there are those who never learn,
In summer or in winter,
Although they weekly get his sheet,
To pay the ne'er-do printer.

They gladly yield themselves to fiends
Of almost any evil,
Yet always fervent seem to pray,
"Save us from printer's devil."

The blessings of the "type's" art,
All willingly confess;
Yet, none like Printer's pockets, feel
"The power of the Press."

POPULAR TALES.

From Arthur's Magazine.

PRETENSION;

THE DISCOMFITED LOVER.

BY MISS E. A. DUFFY.

Dandy.—Six feet of manly enveloped in cloth.

MISS SALLY MARY BOGGS had just completed her twentieth year. She was a young lady of great pretensions. In the first place she was the only child of a gentleman (by courtesy) who was the owner of two plantations, and a quantum suff of ebony bodies to perform all necessary labor on them to make them as profitable as possible. In the second place, she was (according to her own opinion) agreeable to look on, as she rejoiced in that most indefinable of all phrases, "a fine looking woman." If fine looking meant well grown, Miss Boggs was certainly a fine specimen of her sex; for she stood six feet two, and was large in proportion. Her complexion had originally been fair, though the pitiless sun had tanned it all too rudely, leaving, as marks of his tender regard, freckles "thick as leaves on Valambrosa's plain," and very plain they conspired to make Miss Sal-

ly Mary. Her eyes, "those founts of love and light," were neither the glorious blue, the radiant black, nor yet the pensive grey; they were of non-descript color, wavering between a sea-green, and a tea color;—yet, spite of their watery lustre, there was some fire about them, for the lashes that shaded them, and the hair that swept in radiant curls over her youthful cheeks, were of a bright red. Her mouth was well enough, and if kind and gentle words, had there made their abiding place, it might even have been called pretty; for the lips were pouting and rosy, and, when parted, displayed a set of even and pearly looking teeth.

Having described my heroine, it is necessary to give some account of her origin. Mr. Joseph Boggs had been one of the earliest settlers of the South-West, and though a man of limited intellect, and no education, nature had gifted him with an intuitive knowledge of simple and compound interest, which he so sedulously used for his own behoof, that at the age of fifty, he had been acquainted with the art of caligraphy, he might have written himself worth a clear two hundred thousand—but, alas! the extent of his literary acquirements did not reach beyond spelling out an occasional paragraph in a newspaper, or, more puzzling still, finding out what certain mysterious characters meant, which came to him in the shape of bills for his daughter's expenses while at school.

In this employment, he, unfortunately, could gain but little assistance from his better half as she was even more ignorant of all "book learning," as she called it, than her husband. She was a quiet, methodical woman—a thrifty housewife, and seemed contented to endure any privation to secure to her daughter the enjoyment of great wealth, and perfect "dleness"—the latter, in her estimation, being an essential qualification of a lady. She had never been known to depart from her selfish views in but one instance—that was in the adoption of an orphan child, the daughter of the gentleman who had formerly owned the place on which they lived. The parents of the little Euphemia Gordon had died within a few hours of each other, leaving their estate so deeply involved in debt, that their orphan was left destitute. Mr. Boggs purchased the property at half its value, and, seized with a sudden fit of generosity, proposed to his wife to adopt the child a companion of their own daughter. Mrs. Boggs assented, and Euphemia was reared in the home of her father as a dependent on the bounty of strangers.

Euphemia, or as she was familiarly designated Mimi Gordon, grew up a lively, pliant brunette. She had sufficiently profited by the advantages which she shared with Miss Boggs, in the early part of her life, to become an intelligent and agreeable companion. At the age of fifteen the heiress was despatched to a northern city, to receive two years' polishing, while the dependant child was kept under the eye of Mrs. Boggs, to be instructed in the mysteries of sewing, that she might lessen her own labors in that department.

Miss Boggs returned loaded with accomplishments and finery. She could speak a little execrable French, murder time, and belabor an unfortunate piano with hands that were far from being fairy-like. She sung too! oh ye gods! in the Italian style! That is, three words screamed out at the utmost pitch of a voice, not remarkable for sweetness, with as many trills, quavers, and demisemiquavers as could be conveniently crowded into them, and three more, uttered in such a dying cadence, that one was uncomfortably reminded of suffocation, difficulty of breathing, &c.

She danced also, and it was universally admitted by the most envious, that her gallopade was perfection, and her waltzing quite *à la mode*. She also painted landscapes, with skies of the deepest blue, and water of the true sea-green, not to mention flowers of brighter hues than ever bloomed on the earth.

With all these claims, Miss Boggs was much astonished that the wood-notes wild of little Mimi, and her high skipping step, were not utterly eclipsed by the superior grandeur of her own style. Such, however, was not the case. Mimi had beauty and sprightliness, and though dependent, those who lived near had not forgotten that her parents moved in a sphere far superior to that to which her benefactors could have aspired, before the magic wealth smoothed the way to a more elevated position.

On her return from boarding-school, Miss Sally Mary determined on being a belle, and, spite of the rival attractions of Mimi, she flattered herself that she had succeeded. Many aspired to be owner of the fair lands which were to be her dower, nothing daunted by the tall encumbrance appended thereto.

Among these suitors, the most earnest in his devotions, was a young gentleman who wrote on large square pieces of pasteboard, with a broad gilt band around the edge, and a corpulent cupid presiding over an altar, on which a skewered heart was cooking, the grandiloquent appellation of Clarence Hervey Fitzlillian, Esq. He was a son of such received by Miss Sally Mary Boggs.

It is said that all persons admire that which is most opposite to themselves. This, in the present instance, was undoubtedly true, for Mr. Fitzlillian, in his highest heeled boots, and tallest hat, could scarce reach the shoulders of his fair innamorato; but like Sampson of old, his chief strength lay in his unshorn locks. He wore his hair which was a pale drab color, parted in two perpendicular lines, that fell in thick masses on either cheek, where it met a fringe which encircled the whole of a thin pale face, that peered forth as if dismayed at the formidable array around it. His manners were not generous—he poked his teeth, trimmed his nails, and thrust his

feet in every one's way, for the purpose of showing how perfectly easy his manners were, and informed his acquaintances of the fact that he had only associated with the best company in his father's house. Mr. Fitzlillian boasted of the antiquity of his family, and there was no doubt in the minds of those who knew him well, that he was a lenial descendant of those who worshipped the golden calf in days of yore, for the same veneration for the precious metals was one of the most remarkable developments in his character.

"Lawyers are the aristocracy of America," so says Captain Marryatt; so thought Mr. Fitzlillian, and no sooner had he made selection of a 'location' wherein to show forth the powers of his lucid intellect, than he began to look around among the young ladies of the vicinity, to see who was most worthy of the honor of his attentions. Charms, mental or personal, were secondary considerations. Pounds, shillings, and pence, were with him fit substitutes for mind, heart, and loveliness, therefore had he selected Miss Sally Mary Boggs as the one who was to be honored by sharing with him his magnificent and high-sounding name.

The most formidable rival to the pretensions of Mr. Fitzlillian, was a young planter whose possessions joined those of Mr. Boggs. Eugene Berville was a fine specimen of a young southerner. He was eminently handsome, and possessed feelings heightened almost to chivalry, while the ease and frankness which distinguished his manners, was well calculated to win his way among all classes. He was a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Boggs, and the heiress, without scruple, appropriated his visits to herself. She had looked around the circle of her admirers, and, after some considerations, determined that, as Berville was the best match among them, he was most worthy to obtain the boon of herself and acres. Though he had never breathed love's name, both herself and her worthy parents considered the affair as settled, for if he did not seek her, why did he come so often, and linger so long? They did not once dream that the humble dependant, to whom they were so condescendingly patronising, was the attraction which drew the wealthy Berville thither.

The first time such a suspicion entered the mind of Miss Boggs, was one evening in autumn when the two girls were sitting together in their own room. Mimi was employed at her needle—beguiling the time by warbling a lively French song, with an airiness and grace peculiarly her own. Miss Sally Mary was leaning on a table, looking listlessly through the window. She yawned several times, and turning to her companion, said—

"Mimi, what makes you always so merry, while I am tired to death?"

"I do not know, without it is that I am always employed, while you have nothing to do," replied Mimi, catching the refrain of her song as she stopped speaking.

"Who taught you that pretty song?"

A vivid blush mantled the cheek of Mimi as she answered,

"Only Mr. Berville. He says it is an old song his mother used to sing to him when a child."

"What nonsense!" ejaculated the fair Boggs, "I would not sing words I did not understand."

"But I do understand them; and she warbled the concluding line of each stanza, with an arch meaning, that only increased her listener's—" *Je vous aime de tout mon coeur.*"

"And I suppose," said the heiress bitterly, "because the song says so, you think that he who taught it to you really loves you with all his heart. Pshaw! what folly and presumption!"

The rose faded from the cheek of Mimi Gordon, as she answered in altered tone, "It would be folly, indeed, to dream of such an impossibility. No, Sally Mary, I am not your rival with Mr. Berville."

"My rival!" repeated Miss Boggs, with a toss of her head, "no, I should think not."

"Tears sprang to the eyes of Mimi, and she bent over her work to conceal them. It was not the first time she had been thus taunted, but she had learned to suppress all outward show of feeling—to endure in silence the petty meanness of which she was often the victim."

That evening the two gentlemen spent at Boggs Hall. Mimi was still busy at her task. Miss Sally Mary had determined on watching the departure of Berville toward her, that she might decide what was his real sentiments.

In the meantime Mr. Fitzlillian was making the agreeable with all his might, and his spirit waxed glad within him, as he flattered himself that he was too fascinating to be resisted. Miss Sally Mary Boggs understood the feminine tact of smiling on the one she cared little for, to arouse the dormant jealousy of him she really preferred; but all her artifices were lost on Berville. He sat beside the workstand at which Mimi was employed, watching her slender and graceful fingers as she arranged her work. At length his eye dwelt on her face with an earnestness that made the blood leap to her cheek, as she accidentally looked up.

"Excuse me," said he, "I was just thinking that you looked pale and ill; but now you are no longer so. Do not mind that piece of work, and let me enjoy what the poet calls 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.'"

sew without destroying the symmetry of the first finger of the left hand, by leaving an unseemly mark on the rosy tip," glancing, as he spoke, at the large white hand of Miss Boggs, who wore gloves when no company was present, and was guiltless of the vulgarity of ever doing any thing useful.

"Vulgar!" repeated Berville, with an air of scornful pride. "You think it vulgar! Fortunately for our country, sir, and the honor of human nature, all persons do not aim at the superlative refinement of Mr. Fitzlillian. For myself, I consider it as much an honor, for a woman to excel in needle-work as to a scholar to excel in the classics."

"Upon my word, I had no idea you were such an advocate for industry, Mr. Berville," said Miss Boggs, with an affected laugh. "For myself, I must confess I know how to do nothing but play, and draw, and paint. It is well enough for persons who have not the means to pay for having such things done, to learn how to do them, but as that is not my case, nor ever will be, I do not see the use of troubling myself about it."

Berville bowed but made no answer.

"Apropos of playing, Miss Sarah Mary," said Fitzlillian, (who abhorred the name of Sally) "will you give us some music? Your style of singing is so inimitable, Madame Carydory herself can hardly equal you."

Miss Boggs suffered herself to be led to the piano, and, after the compliment she had just received, she excelled her usual absurdity. Song after song was called for by Mr. Fitzlillian, who hung over her enraptured, and for the time she forgot Mimi Gordon, and all fears of rivalry, in her pleasure at being compared with that exquisite *cantatrice*, Madame Caradora Allen, even by Fitzlillian, who could not for his life have discovered the difference between Auld Lang Syne and the Hunter's Chorus.

Berville and Mimi stood at an open window a few steps from the piano. A rose-bush grew in wild luxuriance near it, and a bright southern moon was shining on the delicate leaves of the few lingering flowers, giving them a beauty brighter than that imparted by the garish day. Mimi leaned over, and plucked a half-blown rose, which Berville took from her hand. He gazed on it with the sweet profile turned towards him, and asked a very simple question.

"Do you know the language of flowers?"

Mimi blushed. "Yes—that is—I mean yes—certainly. You should have known, long ere this, that I am an adept in it, as Flora's dictionary can witness. Do you forget how you laughed at my enthusiasm about some of the poetic illustrations?"

"Did I laugh? I am sure I was not serious. Will you accept this rose from me, and this slip of cedar, Mimi, and put Flora's interpretation on them?"

"For—Miss Boggs?" said she, hesitatingly, and with some effort.

"No—not for Miss Boggs,—for a fairer, and far dearer one—yourself."

When Miss Boggs arose from the piano, she was surprised to find herself alone with Mr. Fitzlillian. Berville and Mimi were promenading the gallery, absorbed in a very interesting conversation. She instantly proposed joining them, but inspired by the beauty of the evening, the music, and the encouragement of his lady love, Mr. Fitzlillian availed of the opportunity, to make his declaration of the most approved style—hearts and darts, despair and bliss, being the theme of his eloquence. In listening to such unworldly sound, Miss Boggs almost forgot her rage against Mimi. While Mr. Fitzlillian was speaking, she resolved in her own mind the possibility that Berville had offered himself to Mimi, and to secure herself from the mortification of having been lately rejected by him, she resolved to give Mr. Fitzlillian sufficient encouragement to hope for final success.

He departed in high spirits. Berville had left while he was pouring forth his protestations of devotion, and in a towering passion with Mimi, she stately heiress sought the chamber which they occupied. As she entered, Mimi was in the act of pressing her rose between the leaves of a large book.

"Why are you so precious of that rose Miss Gordon?" said Sally Mary, reaching her hand towards it. "I suppose it was a present from Mr. Berville. I would not wonder if you were to make love to him, after your conduct this evening. I shall inform you, you may be certain of my proceedings."

"Oh, Mary, you know that Mr. Berville asked me to walk on the gallery with him, or I should not have gone."

"No, I do not know any such thing—your assertion would make me believe that he did. You said this morning, that you were not my rival, and this evening you have done everything in your power to attract Eugene Berville. But I beg to tell you that you are positively well on your way to ruin, for I care nothing for him, and have this night partly consented to marry one whom he is not to be compared."

"No, indeed! burst impulsively from the lips of Mimi. No more than you gleamed thy, with its millions of sparkling gems, is to be compared to the solid earth it encloses. Mary you cannot be in earnest!"

"In earnest! surely. Do you suppose every one so blinded by the superlative accomplishments of Mr. Berville, that they have no power to see the merits of others?"

The absurdity of this speech overpowered Mimi's gravity, and she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Informed by this, Miss Boggs snatched the rose and tearing it into fragments, trampled it under her feet.

Mimi was instantly sobered.

"I had far rather you had destroyed the most valuable possession I have, than this rose," said she. "However, it is of little consequence. Memory does not depend on its preservation."

"And your possessions are not so valuable as to be worth destroying, I fancy, unless you reckon among them Mr. Berville's wealth. A pretty match, truly, he will make in seeking my mother's sempstress as his wife."

Mimi's lip quivered at the coarse insult. In an instant she commanded herself, and calmly replied—

"My father and Mr. Berville were friends of long years—both were born in the same sphere of life; therefore, the son considers it no degradation to seek one, who, in poverty has done nothing to sully the respectability of her birth. I do reckon among the most valuable of my possessions, the love of such a man as Eugene Berville."

"You acknowledge it then! You have infamously endeavored to supplant me in the affections of the man you knew my parents intended for me. If my mother has one grain of feeling for me, she will turn you out of the house, you ungrateful creature!"

Miss Boggs had wrought herself up to such a pitch of rage, that she cared not what she said. Wearied and insulted, Mimi at length left the room, and retired to another.

The anger of Sally Mary waxed hotter and hotter, and morning found her a perfect Vesuvius. Her mother was as much enraged at her report as herself, and it was decided between them, that the only course to mark to the world, her abhorrence of Mimi's treachery, was to tell her she might find another home as soon as possible. But when Mr. Boggs was called in to participate in the consultation, though as angry and disappointed as either of them, he had more knowledge of the world, and at once put a negative on their proposed measures.

"If Berville loves her," said he, "he will marry her immediately, and we should gain a useful enemy in him, which, for reasons of my own, I wish to avoid. All we can do is to come back to Sal, so where's the use of making people talk? If we did this they would say that he had jilted her for this petty doll we were fools enough to bring up for a rival for our own girl."

"Indeed, they would find themselves mistaken there," said Sally Mary, scornfully. "For I had half promised to marry Mr. Fitzhilian before I knew this, and now I'm resolved on it."

"Wh—wh—what," stammered the old man, nearly speechless with rage. "Mar—mar—marry who girl? That ugly, tallow-faced, Jack-dandy—that—that whippersnapper; who doesn't know how to do an earthly thing but twist his whiskers! See you hanged first!"

"Marry that poor miserable notomy!" ejaculated the horror-stricken mother.

"Anatomy, indeed! He is not so tall as Mr. Berville, but to my eye he is just as good looking; and his whiskers are magnificent. Yes I am going to marry him, and that before long. Nobody shall say that Mimi Gordon took my lover from me and I couldn't get another. The day that sees her the wife of Berville, makes me that of Fitzhilian."

"I'll—I'll dishonor you—I'll leave you without a penny, you ungrateful baggage. That white-faced puppy shall never have an acre of mine."

"Indeed, pa, you will do no such thing:—you know that you have spent your life toiling, that you might make a lady of me, and you are not going to give your money to any body but your own child, let me do as I will."

Mr. Boggs felt the truth of her remark, but he departed, vowing he would never forgive her if she persisted in marrying Fitzhilian. This opposition rather stimulated Miss Boggs to persevere; it gave Mr. Fitzhilian a consequence, which in her eyes, he had never before possessed. It was so romantic:—she hoped her father might look her up, that she might escape through the window to her beloved Fitzhilian.

The two gentlemen called on Mr. Boggs in the course of the day, to make known their several pretensions. Berville was met with pretended frankness, and an apparently cordial consent to his union with Mimi was given; but poor Fitzhilian, in his dismay, received a negative, and not very courteous refusal.

As he was departing, he was a little consoled, by receiving a slip of paper on which was written:—"Do not despair—my father may be won over—make another effort.—S. M. B." He pressed the scroll to his blue lips, and placing one hand on his heart, kissed the other to the window of an upper room, at which stood the fair Sally Mary herself trying to look sentimentally distressed.

In pursuance of her advice, Mr. Fitzhilian returned home, and indited an epistle to the obdurate Boggs, in which he set forth his pretensions in the most high-sounding words he could command. In an unlucky hour he wrote to him:—"That, as personal interview had been productive of unpleasant feelings on both sides, he thought matters might be better adjusted by an epistolary correspondence."

Our fate often hangs upon a word, and a most ominous word was epistolary to our unlucky correspondent. The letter was duly despatched, and found the worthy Boggs in a perfect fever of wrath, occasioned by an interview with his contumacious daughter, which had ended in his ordering her to her room. Contrary to the ordinary course of nature, the fever came first and the chill afterwards. We have before adverted to the gentleman's deficiency in the elements of education. After an hour spent in spelling out the high-sounding paragraphs of Mr. Fitzhilian, who would have torn his ample locks from their sliding place, had he heard his touching appeal mingled, and its meaning perverted by the puzzled father. Mr. Boggs sat perfectly aghast! He had arrived to the word epistolary, and that was translated by him into pistols! Seized with a shivering fit at such unparalleled audacity, he called to his wife

"Wife—I say, old woman, come here, and see what a pass I've come to. That fellow Fitzhilian wants to shoot me because I won't let him have our girl for his wife."

"La! you don't say so, old man?" said the good woman, raising her hands and eyes at the enormity of such conduct. "Well, I declare!

—who would have thought it? Such a good for nothing looking man to want to fight!"

"Well, but what must I do? I don't know any thing about fire-arms, and I sha'n't set myself as a mark for every young fellow to fire at, who takes it in his head to fall in love with my daughter."

"No," said Mrs. Boggs, sagely shaking her head, "that would be unconscionable to ask; but I'll tell you what I'd do. This Fitzhilian looks as if he wasn't used to such things himself, so you see, if you'll take a good oak sapling in your hand, and go quite blustering-like, and ask him what he means, I'll bet you my new gown he'll be tamed in a minute and ask your pardon."

After some consideration, Mr. Boggs concluded to take this advice, and ordering his horse, he prepared to ride over to the neighboring town, where Mr. Fitzhilian kept his office.

The young lawyer was lounging near the door with several companions, as the incensed Boggs rode up.

"There comes father-in-law, Fitz," said one of them, using the sobriquet usually applied to Mr. Boggs by Fitzhilian himself. "We had better go in by the back room, and leave you to settle matters by yourselves. Remember to invite me to the wedding."

They made their exit at one door, while Mr. Boggs entered at the other. Fitzhilian arose to receive him, but without deigning to notice the bows and flourishes of the latter, the old man exclaimed in a voice of thunder, while he struck his enormous stick emphatically on the floor—

"Hillo, you young popinjay, what do you mean by sending me this bit of paper about fighting you with a pistol? heh?"

"Fighting, my dear sir!" stammered Fitzhilian, each hair rising as with a separate instinct of horror, "you must be mistaken. I never in the whole course of my life fired a pistol, therefore I could not wish to fight so respectable a gentleman as yourself."

"There it is, any how, in your own hand," said Boggs, holding up to the bewildered Fitzhilian his own eloquent appeal.

"Fighting! pistols! That letter sir, contains an exposition of my feelings for your daughter. There is some great mistake—I would not touch a hair of your head, my dear sir, with design to maltreat you."

"I'll tell you what, youngster, it is here in black and white, and if you want to fight, come on. As to pistols, I sha'n't use them but here is a good oak sapling and I would like to try its virtues on your body, if there wasn't so little of it that it is a shame for a man to touch it."

Livid, with rage, Mr. Fitzhilian attempted to laugh.

"My dear sir, you are quite facetious. This is all a hoax. Allow me to inquire after your charming daughter, and to indulge the hope that you will eventually be induced to listen to reason I love her—"

"Go to the d—! I with your love. My daughter you shall not have, sir, and if you come near my house again, I'll make Caesar set the dog on you. So there's an end of it." And he marched out and slammed the door after him.

The two young men burst into the office convulsed with laughter.

"So it is all off, Fitz? and you don't get the heiress? Capital story this—I must be off and tell it!"

Before night Fitzhilian found himself greeted by every acquaintance with bursts of laughter. Even the boys in the street bestowed on him the cognomen of "pistol." He endured it for a week, and might have weathered the storm of ridicule, if that alone had assailed him, but bearing the approaching marriage of Berville commented on, he indulged himself in some sneering remarks on the humility of his choice, which, reaching the ears of Berville caused that gentleman to signify to Mr. Fitzhilian, that any future comments on his intended marriage would be punished as they deserved. The next week his office was advertised "To Let," and Clarence Hervey Fitzhilian, Esq. emigrated to Texas leaving Miss Sally Mary to be won by some luckier suitor than himself.

A Remarkable Fact. The ice made in the Penobscot river the present season upon a high freshet. The ice is by this means pressed down in great masses under the ice further down the river, until the bed of the river for some distance below this city, and up above Oldtown is literally filled with ice. The tide has not ebbed out more than three feet since the river closed. The falls at Great Works and Oldtown can be ascended with a boat, on account of the great quantity of back water. The low land on the bank of the river between Oldtown and Matawankeag is overflowed, and the mail stage has to take a route of forty miles round. So great a quantity of ice in our river is quite unusual, and unless it shall find some means of escape before spring, some trouble will probably ensue. [Bangor Whig.]

Niagara Suspension Bridge. A writer in a Rochester paper, Mr. Fisk, contradicts the report that the British board of Ordnance have reported against the project of a bridge across the Niagara River. He says the subject was ably discussed about twenty years ago, and at first objections were made by the Board of Ordnance, but those objections were afterwards withdrawn, and a charter granted with greater powers than are now asked for. There is no doubt now, it is stated, that a charter will be obtained in Canada and the bridge constructed within a year. If the bridge is considered dangerous, in a military view, that danger can be removed by breaking it down in an hour. It is supposed the undertaking may be accomplished for the sum of \$260,000.

The South Carolina Legislature adjourned on the 15th ult. The House adopted, by a vote of ten to one, the report in favor of transferring the election of President and Vice President of the United States, from the Legislature to the People.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DREAMS OF THE SICK.

"I've had sweet dreams, dear sister,
Here on this couch of pain,
That called my wearied spirit back
To joyous life again.
Sweet visions of our youthful home,
Of childhood's early years,
When I but little knew of earth,
Its pleasures, or its tears."

"I seemed to hold my father's hand,
And wander by his side,
O'er hill, and knoll of the green land,
Mid cornfields waving wide,
I seemed to feel my brother's kiss,
To hear my sister's tones,
And see my mother smile, to greet
Her little wanderers home."

"I seemed to tread the pleasant street
So often trod of yore,
Familiar faces there to meet,
That I may meet no more.
The apple-boughs hung shadows o'er
My path through the sun's rays,
And the old mountain towered before,
As in my childish days."

"Then I was here; and by my side
A lovely being here,
In youth's first bloom, with brow so fair,
And eyes so blue and clear,
So beautiful, beyond our earth,
I deemed that she was sent
From one of those pure, brilliant worlds
In Heaven's firmament."

She ceased: her eye was sparkling
As she spoke of other years;
But her sister's brow was dark'ning,
Her eyes were dim with tears,
As she heard of that bright being
With eyes of Heaven's hue;
She could not speak, but thoughts like these
Floated her vision through.

And must thou go, sweet sister?
They say bright visions come
To cheer the spirit on its way
To its eternal home.
Do our sweet sisters beckon thee?
Our father waiting stand,
His darling to embrace again
Within that blessed land?

I've heard thee tell, so joyful,
While hours of pain went by,
How the worn spirit surely should
Wear immortality—
I cannot ask to keep thee
Within this suffering frame,
But know that our mere earthly loss
Is thy eternal gain.

Yet is it pain to sever
Another of the ties,
That bind so close together
Our little family.
As one by one have left us,
The less but closer drew
The love our hearts had garnered,
Round the remaining few.

But if you now must leave us,
To join the blood washed throng,
Who earn honours to the Lamb,
Round the Eternal Throne—
We'll think thou dost watch o'er us,
Thou art not from us risen;
But count thy blessed spirit as
Another link to Heaven.

December 14, '45.

Shocking Death. About 11 o'clock Thursday, one of the firemen employed about the machinery of Isaac Terrill's box-making and planing establishment on Harrison Avenue, Boston, was about to start the machinery, the head of a large boiler suddenly burst, killing the fireman, Wm. Ford, and also a son of Mr. Terrill, who was at work in the shop. The boiler, which was twenty four feet long, was driven through the front of the building, across the street, and through the brass foundry of Isaac Babbitt on the opposite side, making a distance of about one hundred feet—but fortunately no other persons were injured.

The building was completely shattered by the concussion, the walls and roof were torn off, and the machinery nearly destroyed. Mr. Ford, the fireman, was about 25 years of age, and an unmarried man. Young Terrill was 18 years of age, and the parents of both the young men are in much affliction having each lost another child quite recently.

[Boston Journal of Wednesday evening.] Other accounts state that the boiler was projected a distance of 150 feet, on its way passing between a horse and a wagon, without injury to man or horse, finally landing in a blacksmith shop, where several men were at work—who escaped as by a miracle, the boiler falling upon a large where they were at work.

More ballance of power. The Journal of Commerce contains a communication from a gentleman, who states that he has received a letter from an English gentleman, whose position would enable him to be acquainted with the movements of the British ministry, which says that the ministry has resolved to make ship canal at Panama with the consent of New Granada, to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

When the canal is completed, permanent fortifications are to be erected on its banks, as to have command of the passage. This will give England a complete influence on the Western coast of America.

Politically we could not desire any thing better than to see whig leaders butting their heads against the Oregon question. Its strength among the people is perfectly overwhelming. It requires no prophet to perceive that those who are now assuming an anti-Oregon position will be buried in 1848 so deep that they will never be heard of again. Albany Argus.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JANUARY 6, 1846.

NATIVEISM—NATURALIZATION LAWS.

The question of an alteration of the naturalization law, by which aliens are proposed to be put upon a probation of twenty-one instead of five years, as now, has been brought before Congress through resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature. Quite an interesting debate arose on the question of referring the resolution to a select committee, Mr. Levin, the "Native" member of Congress from Philadelphia, being the champion of these Massachusetts "alien and sedition" doctrines. It has been asserted, and we have never seen it contradicted, that this same Mr. Levin is a foreigner by birth—an Englishman. If true, a singular fact, and he has placed himself in an anomalous position; but yet, we opine, perfectly in character with the principles of "Nativeism." He undoubtedly, highly appreciates the blessings of citizenship, but, with a selfishness too frequently seen, would enhance its value still more by circumscribing its limits. He would be a better "native" than those whose first drew the breath of life on our republican soil.

We have no sympathy for this "native" movement. We regard it as absurd, and discreditable to those who have engaged in it. We believe the American people have so much humanity, liberality, and good sense, as to see the impolicy of the movement, and the propriety of making of ourselves, those who have sought refuge from foreign aggression. We do not believe true patriotism to be confined within certain limits, or to certain parties, or factions of parties. It will be found among our adopted citizens as well as native born; and no better proof of this is required than the fact that every American battle field has been watered by the blood of adopted as well as native citizens. The names of Lafayette, Pichegru, Kosciuszko, Montgomery, Paul Jones, and a host of others when called to mind, will exhibit the devotedness and patriotism of men who had sought liberty here, and were ready to fight unto death against the encroachments of the tyrannies they had left. Not a foreigner comes to this country with the intention of making it his home, but is bound to our institutions by ties of affection and gratitude, from the moment he lands. To say that he cannot understand the duties of a citizen in five as well as twenty-one years, is, to say the least, an imposition upon the understanding of every adult person. One consideration, alone, is sufficient to show the impolicy, if not danger, of the proposed change in our naturalization law. We should thus keep in our midst a body of aliens, in fact as well as in acting, who would have no such motive to preserve the purity and promote the prosperity of our institutions, as they would were they invested with the dignity of citizenship. On the contrary, they would hold a somewhat degraded position, and as equality is the basis of friendship, would bond together for that sympathy and equality which are denied them as citizens, and would thus build up, in our midst, a foreign population, with foreign attachments, views, and sympathies, and with as little motive for patriotism as any despotic could desire. Under the present wise and liberal system, foreigners soon become Americans in all their views and feelings, and are not the least patriotic portion of our citizens.

PURCHASE OF CALIFORNIA.—Mr. Greeley, of the New York Tribune, in speaking of the purchase of California, though opposed to the further extension of our territory, says:—"If, therefore, it shall hereafter appear that Mr. Shields has been able to purchase from Mexico her claims to Texas and all this side the Rio del Norte, with California and all North of the Gulf of that name, for any sum not exceeding \$200,000,000, we shall decidedly and heartily advocate the satisfaction of the Treaty. The consideration, large as it may seem, will fall far short of the cost of one year's actual hostilities, to say nothing of the infinite miseries and crime of war."

What a change!—The dinner for the Pilgrim society at Plymouth, at their recent anniversary, was prepared at the United States Hotel in Boston, and conveyed over the Old Colony Railroad to Plymouth, after it was cooked, in an hour and a quarter, reaching there. Two hundred and twenty-five years ago, the Pilgrims brought their provisions from the Mayflower, and dug some clams upon the shore, and cooked their dinner in an iron pot hung by a crooked stick resting upon two crooked trees, over a fire made upon a snow bank. Quite an improvement since that time, but no improvement to the health of the consumer.

M. Gallardet, the intelligent editor of the French Courier in New York, who returned from Europe in the Acadia, offers the following prediction concerning the Oregon question:—"After exhausting all negotiations England will accept the 49th degree of latitude provided Canada and Vancouver's Island be ceded to her in compensation for yielding the Columbia. But that will be England's ultimatum, and even it will not be offered unless the tone of the discussion shall be more conciliatory than heretofore, for now Oregon is more a point of honor than of interest for England."

Thanksgiving in Louisiana.—Gov. Mouton has appointed Thursday, the 15th of January, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving in Louisiana. This is the first time in the history of the State that a Thanksgiving day has been appointed.

"No man is born nobler than another," says Seneca, "unless he is born with better abilities and a more amiable disposition."

The New York Herald assumes to know that negotiations on the Oregon question have been resumed at Washington, and believes that the 49th parallel of latitude has been offered as a boundary and that it has been or will be accepted by our government. We give this for what it is worth, not knowing its value which we suppose to be not very great.

Telegraph. The Mexican Society for uniting the North American Republics, met in the city of Mexico last month, and passed the following resolution: Resolved, That the annexation of the United States of North America to the United States of Mexico, is to be the great national event of the year 1849.

Judge Story.—The London Morning Chronicle announces, at the close of an article on the life and character of the late Judge Story, that a plan of subscription was on foot, of members of the Bar and eminent Solicitors, to offer to the benches of Lincoln's Inn, a marble statue of this eminent man, "whose immortal works are equally estimated in the mother country and the United States."

The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald under date of Dec. 19, says:—"Upwards of one hundred and twenty nominations for various offices throughout the country were sent in to the Senate to-day for confirmation."

New Hampshire.—The Concord Courier states that the majority against Woodbury, according to the official returns, is twenty-two hundred and three.—The Judges of the Supreme Court of the State, to whom was referred the question whether a plurality elects on the third trial, have decided the question in the negative.

The Postmaster General, in his annual report, recommends the purchase by the government of the patent right to Morse's Telegraph. He says it will prove a dangerous engine in the hands of individuals not under the control of law, and that the few will be benefited at the expense of the many.

It is Cassius M. Clay (not Henry) who proposes to spend the winter in Cuba for the benefit of his health.

The Knoxville Register announces the marriage in Jefferson county, Tenn., of Mr. Frederick Paine, aged one hundred and two years, to Miss Dorcas Mannon, aged thirty-four.

Up to the 15th ult., nothing had been found of the absconding Judge Garland at New Orleans.

The President has signed the Joint Resolutions for the admission of Texas and forwarded a copy of it by a private messenger to the capital of Texas.

There is a rumor, says the Argus, that a citizen of Portland, recently while in Havana, drew a prize of \$25,000, and has brought home the specie.

THE OREGON QUESTION.

If the momentous question of peace or war between the United States and Great Britain was to be decided in Faneuil-hall, in the city of Boston, or if the eminent statesman who belongs emphatically to New England, and who represents in these dark and evil days the better traditions of American freedom, were still at the head of the Cabinet of Washington, eight indeed would our apprehensions be as to the result of the Oregon negotiation. But, in all things, Mr. Webster, and the men of Massachusetts who applauded his humane and enlightened eloquence on a recent occasion, are not only the opposition, but the opposites, of Mr. Polk, and the party which brought him into power. We admire their sentiments, we concur in their arguments; but we cannot forget that these are the sentiments and arguments of a defeated minority. The more strenuously they declare themselves for peace, the greater must be their apprehensions of war.

London Times. Closely allied as Massachusetts federalism is with British Toryism, it cannot, as the Times affirms, "resist the mighty current of American feeling against a further surrender of American territory, either to win the favor or appease the wrath of the 'British Lion.' Admire its sentiments and concur in its arguments as strongly as this organ of the high Tory party of England, may, it does well to reflect that 'they are the sentiments and arguments' not of a majority of the United States, not of a 'defeated minority' even, but of a mere handful of the scattered relics of an Atlantic Toryism. What is it for the country that this great territorial question is not to be decided in Faneuil Hall, Boston, once the cradle of American Liberty, now regenerated into a Bazar for the money-changers of that city, whose patriotism is but a synonym for gold. It were to be there decided; or, if the 'eminent statesman' alluded to by the Times, 'were still at the head of the Cabinet,' might indeed, might be British apprehension of the result of the negotiations on that question. Under such auspices, confidently might England rely upon obtaining whatever and all she might be pleased to demand as she did under the late treaty concluded with that eminent statesman. He, 'the representative of the better traditions of American freedom.' If American freedom had had no other and better representative in the hour of her peril, her flight from the shores of this continent had taken place years since. Daniel Webster, an active participant in the treasonable designs of the famous Hartford Convention—who while a member of Congress, refused to vote supplies to our destitute troops, in the late war with Great Britain—are the representative of the better traditions of American freedom! A broad burlesque upon American History! The circumstance alone, secured to the falsehood an immunity from indignation.

The above extract is, however, but a sample of the adulation constantly bestowed upon Massachusetts federalism, by British Toryism. This sort of "bbling and cooing," if it serves no other valuable purpose, establishes beyond controversy an identity of sentiment between the two parties, while, at the same time discloses the ex-

stance of a reliable fraternal feeling between them in all cases where opportunity will allow of a substantial evidence of it. [Age.]

KEEN SIGHTED.

Some of the federal papers affect to see great inconsistency in the course of the Executive, in now asserting title to the whole of Oregon after having offered to compromise the question by the adoption of the 49th parallel as the boundary. Nothing in our judgment, is farther from it. The President maintains that our title is good to the whole territory. Great Britain insists that she has certain rights in it, which we controvert; but for the sake of ensuring a peaceful termination to the dispute we offer to yield a portion of our claim. This offer is rejected. We withdraw it, and affirm, virtually, that, if we are to contest the matter, we insist upon the full extent of what we conceive to be our just rights. There is nothing inconsistent in all this. There is no moral obliquity in it. The offer does not impair our claim, any more than an unaccepted offer of compromise between individuals in relation to private affairs. Proof of such an offer, instead of injuring the case of the individual making it, would operate in his favor, as exhibiting a disposition to avoid litigation by yielding a portion of that to which he considered himself justly entitled.

In view of the fact that similar offers of compromise have been repeatedly made by preceding administrations, what would the federal papers have said if the President had obstinately refused to tender any offer of compromise whatever; but had insisted, from the first, upon the line of the Russian boundary? Would they have sustained him in the course? Do they now, on the other hand, insist that the administration ought to make a more liberal offer of compromise? Even Mr. Webster, in his Faneuil Hall speech, maintains that the 49th would be a fair compromise of the question. We suppose, however, the secret of the whole matter, is that the whigs desire the privilege of grumbling. Let them grumble. [Age.]

Oregon in England. According to the last accounts, the President's Message was looked for with intense interest in England. We must expect a furious blast in the British press, in respect to that part of the Message touching Oregon. But his calm, dignified and firm language will command from considerate Englishmen something more than clamor and railing. His argument and positions must be met, before the civilized world, by something more substantial than denunciation.

The English Journals received by the last steamer, indulge in their usual insolent language in regard to this country. The London Morning Post says:

"It is the general sentiment that the Americans wish for war, and with the blessing of God upon a good cause, they shall have enough of it. Never since the United States has become a nation, was there in England a desire, more reasonable and at the same time more agreeable, than that of giving the Americans a drubbing."

The London Times concludes that the "conservative party" of the United States will be deterred from strenuous efforts to withstand the career of the rabid democracy. It has the usual slang about the "democracy" having an ardent desire for cutting throats and spilling blood. N. H. Patriot.

Louis Philippe on Oregon. A copy of the late French work of M. de Molras on the subject of Oregon, strongly hostile to the American side of the question, was presented by Louis Philippe to the King of Sweden, accompanied with an autograph letter strongly recommending it to his perusal. It was read, of course, with the natural consequence of a prejudice imbibed against the American side of the case. Fortunately the king of Sweden, Oscar mentioned the circumstance to the Hon. Geo. W. Lay, our charge at Stockholm, who gave him Greenhow's excellent book to read by way of antidote. Vastly obliging in Louis Philippe, to interest himself so zealously in this question. We wonder if he has made similar presents to all the sovereigns of Europe. A pretty "arbitrator" he would have made! and pretty arbitrators he has probably made of his fellow monarchs. N. Y. News.

Death from the bite of a hog. The wife of Joseph Hall, aged 65 years, of Newton, Sussex county, N. J., was bitten in the hand a short time since by a hog, causing a wound which, in spite of every application, spread through and effected every part of the arm, until finally the malignant virus reached the body, and entering the vitals terminated her sufferings by death on Thursday last.

The American Consul at Turks Island states that salt is very scarce and high, and that there would not probably be any more until the next season, the stock being nearly exhausted.

J. B. Backenstos, the Sheriff of Hancock County, Illinois, and commander of the Mormon forces during the late disturbances, was recently tried at Peoria, upon an indictment for murder, and acquitted.

Ralph Waldo Emerson and Charles Sumner refused to lecture before the New Bedford Lyceum, because colored people were not admitted on an equality with other citizens to the lecture room.

The Portland Advertiser is trying to manufacture capital from the prices paid for public printing at Washington. We should think if its editor would call to mind the proceedings of its party on that subject in '40 and '41, he would blush to name the subject.

A Mr. Mathews, of Bangor, has invented a new iron bench-vice, which, instead of the usual screw and pivot of common vices, has two screws, both operating at the same time, and in equal proportions, by means of an endless chain attached to both. This arrangement brings the jaws of the vice to bear exactly square, however widely distended by the screw.

The Iron Crucifix is an exquisite carved statue of our Saviour, about two feet in length, we believe, cut from a single block of Ivory, and supposed to be the largest ivory statue ever carved, as well as the most perfect and beautiful image of Christ in existence. What adds great interest to its intrinsic excellence, is the fact that this statue was made by an Italian Monk, and constituted the sole business of many years of his life; and that he never had any instruction in the principles of statuary, but commenced this, his only image, in a vision to a divine inspiration, which he conceived himself to be the subject of, and which sustained him through long years of patient labor, rewarding him in the end by the end of the production of the most wonderful specimen of modern art. He discovered his immense block of ivory among the rubbish in an ancient garret where it had lain from time immemorial, and deemed himself commissioned to mould it into a perfect and beautiful personification of the Son of God upon the cross, such as the world never saw. All who have seen it, pronounce it matchless in form and expression. It is now exhibiting at Philadelphia.

The Hungarian Balm of Life is the Great English Remedy for Consumption, and the only certain source of hope to invalids.

Opinion of Dr. Olcott.
Dr. Olcott, in his popular series of Health Tracts, No. XLIII, (Feb. 1844), page 72, says: "In my remarks against the common patent medicines of the day, I wish to make an exception in favor of the Hungarian Balm of Life, which has proved itself of so much value in diseases of the Lungs, as to merit with the decided approbation of the medical faculty, both in Great Britain and the United States."

Report of the New England Lung Infirmary.
Dr. Ingles, in the 4th Annual Report of the New England Infirmary for the Lungs, page 28, gives the following liberal testimony in favor of the medicine: "Patients," he says, "have frequently brought with them, and in severe paroxysms insisted upon using, a patent medicine called Bueh's Hungarian Balm of Life, and although we object to the use of such compounds in ordinary cases, yet we have sometimes permitted it—and we must confess, that in the instances referred to, the Hungarian Balm has effected a change in the diagnosis of the patient, of a remarkably favorable character."

Pamphlets respecting this Great English Remedy may be had gratis of MOSES HAMMOND, only agent in Paris.

MARRIED.

In this town, by Wm. Russ, Esq., America Bishop, Esq., and Mrs. Cynthia Rowe, of Sumner.
In Byron, Dec. 4th, by Jonas Greene, Esq. Mr. James S. Mitchell and Miss Marianne C. Merrill, both of Roxbury.
In Norway, by Rev. T. J. Tenney, Mr. Kingsbury Curtis, of this town, and Miss Sophia Jane Young, of Greenwood.
In Letter B, by John J. Bragg, Esq., Mr. Elmore Scribner and Miss Lovis Graver, both of Letter B.—By the same, Mr. James L. Black, of Cambridge, N. H., and Miss Lucinda Scribner, of Letter B.
In Brunswick, Mr. Abiel M. Jones, of Oxford, and Miss Hannah E. Garcelon, of Brunswick.

DIED.

In this town, Dec. 30, Lucinda, wife of Henry Howe, and daughter of the late Henry Prentiss, aged 33.
In Norway, Dec. 24th, after an illness of a few weeks, Mr. Daniel Watson, aged 82 years.
In Brownfield, Dec. 10, Mr. Elisha Thomas, 75.
In Exeter, Nov. 24th, Mrs. Betsey Hodgdon, wife of Moses Hodgdon, aged 61 years.

The undersigned respectfully represent to you that the County Court has received from the State of New Hampshire, a copy of the Act of the Legislature, passed at the Session of 1843, in relation to the New Hampshire line, and that the County Court has resolved to hold a public hearing on the said Act, at the Court House, in the town of New Hampshire, on the 1st day of January, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of receiving the views of the people of the County on the said Act, and of reporting thereon to the State of New Hampshire, at the next Session of the Legislature. And the undersigned, as Agents for the County, do hereby request you to attend the said public hearing, and to express your views on the said Act, and to sign a petition, if you think proper, in support of the said Act, or in opposition to it, as the case may be. And the undersigned, as Agents for the County, do hereby request you to sign a petition, if you think proper, in support of the said Act, or in opposition to it, as the case may be. And the undersigned, as Agents for the County, do hereby request you to sign a petition, if you think proper, in support of the said Act, or in opposition to it, as the case may be.

JOHN LOMBARD & 5 others.
Andover, Dec. 1, 1845.

STATE OF MAINE.
Oxford, ss. Court of County Commissioners, December Term, 1845, by adjournment.

On the foregoing Petition, the Commissioners being satisfied that the petitioners ought to be heard touching the matter set forth in said petition, Ordered, That said Petitioners give notice thereof by causing an attested copy of said petition and of this Order of Court to be published six weeks successively in the 3d, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th, 31st, 33rd, 35th, 37th, 39th, 41st, 43rd, 45th, 47th, 49th, 51st, 53rd, 55th, 57th, 59th, 61st, 63rd, 65th, 67th, 69th, 71st, 73rd, 75th, 77th, 79th, 81st, 83rd, 85th, 87th, 89th, 91st, 93rd, 95th, 97th, 99th, 101st, 103rd, 105th, 107th, 109th, 111th, 113th, 115th, 117th, 119th, 121st, 123rd, 125th, 127th, 129th, 131st, 133rd, 135th, 137th, 139th, 141st, 143rd, 145th, 147th, 149th, 151st, 153rd, 155th, 157th, 159th, 161st, 163rd, 165th, 167th, 169th, 171st, 173rd, 175th, 177th, 179th, 181st, 183rd, 185th, 187th, 189th, 191st, 193rd, 195th, 197th, 199th, 201st, 203rd, 205th, 207th, 209th, 211st, 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